INSIDE: HEAD-CHEWING MAYHEM WITH KAL JERICO IN 'THE NEMO AGENDA'!!

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WARHAMMER MONTHLY

DARKBLADE

The Prince of Darkness returns

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

GAH! IT MAKES *me sick, Boneblade! A wussy Dork Elf in his own strip and on the cover of this very comic. By Khorne, if I ever met him I'd show him what's what. Thinks he's tough because he's got a daemon inside him and he rides around on a big, stinking lizard? I'd have you any day of the week, Dorkblade. I'd thrash you to within an inch of your life... and then do it again. Why, I could beat you with one hand tied behind my back. I could beat you with both hands tied behind my back! I'd show you what a proper follower of Chaos is made of.*

OH? AND HOW would you do that, bilious Khorne lover? With your rancid breath? Pull funny faces at him until he dies of laughter? Lick him to death? You wouldn't stand a chance, Gutspew. Despite being a foul acolyte of the Dark Gods, he's still more of a warrior than you'll ever be, you pathetic wretch! Still... it would be amusing to see you try.

FOR THE LOVE OF KHORNE! *Is that a challenge? Fine, I have some rope in my pocket. If you could just bind my hands behind my back, you self-righteous lackey of the False Emperor, I'll be off to find this Malus Darkblade and teach him a lesson he'll never forget. Ouch! Don't pull it so tight, cretin!*

WHAT A SIGHT you are, Gutspew. I'm sure Malus Darkblade will be quaking in his boots when he sees you. Come on then, show me what you're going to do to him. Spitting at *me*? Is that the best you can do? OUCH! Did you have to bite me!? AARGH! Give me back my ear, wretch! Right...**KA-CHIK...**

DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!
DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!
DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!DAKKA!

Next Issue: GRAVIER RETURNS!!

Inside this comic...

NEW SERIES!! DARKBLADE
A mysterious stranger rushes to the aid of the Druchii blood-clan.

MORDHEIM
Ulli and Marquand continue their bloody trail of destruction through Mordheim, the City of the Damned!

HELLBRANDT GRIMM
More gruesome tales of the infamous bounty hunter Hellbrandt Grimm, but which is true?

THE CHOSEN ONE
The ever-watchful eye of the Inquisition turns toward the primitive planet of Prakarta.

KAL JERICO
Kal speeds through the ancient tunnels of the Underhive in a deadly race against time, but will he live to see the finish line?

GAMES WORKSHOP

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

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SOMEWHERE IN THE WARP

FOUL MISCREANT OF THE MONTH

• I have been a reader of this holy tome since issue 11 and this is the first time I have written a letter, because I have been too busy reading and re-reading WHM. It's just so cool I can read a single issue for the hundredth time and still enjoy it as much as I did the first time! Bloodquest II was incredibly good, if there are no plans for Bloodquest III then consider it your duty to hold Colin MacNeil and Gordon Rennie at bolter-point and order them to sit down and get back to work! I was really disappointed when I heard the Bloodquest movie wouldn't be released into the cinema and I think the decision should be reconsidered. Daemonifuge II is cool and the Battlefleet Gothic strip was fantastically drawn. The only strip I disliked so far was Shadowfast, the art was terrible and the story didn't amount to much either. That aside WHM is fit for the Emperor himself, after all, it must get pretty boring sitting on the golden throne all day...

– Harry Kelly, Kilkenny, Ireland

P.S. It's been a year since we last saw the Redeemer scourge and purge the foul heretics of the Underhive, bring him back!

Rest assured I will be bolding those two wretches Rennie and MacNeil at bolter-point – if only to make sure that this time the mighty Khorne prevails over those snivelling Blood Angels. To make up for your disappointment at not being able to see the Bloodquest movie on the big screen, I'm sending you a Dwarf Warriors regiment, so stop snivelling wretch!

• Brother Baneblade. Emperor grant this message finds you, brother, the warp is a twisting realm and many a vital communication has been swallowed without trace in its shifting tides. Brother Baneblade, I have a pair of urgent requests to make. The first is for a new series of Titan dealing with the foul legions of Chaos. I long to see Imperious Dictatio crush a Chaos warlord under his righteous feet. The second one is probably beyond your power to grant, brother, but perhaps you could publish this message in a forum where those capable of realising it might come across it. I crave a computer game based on Titan. I long to sit in the armoured skull of a warlord, surrounded by my faithful crew and charge into battle, volcano cannon roaring, turbo lasers firing, burning the forces of evil into slag to be crushed under a thousand tons of Imperium steel. The game could feature a detailed interior of the Titan's head, interactive crew, various points of view and more, like the ability to choose different weapons between battles and even the ability to command other titans if you prove yourself worthy.

Brother Baneblade, for the sake of I and the legions of those like me who yearn to pilot a Titan but are cruelly kept from doing so by other duties, make this message heard so the adeptus programmerus can make it happen!

– Lord Russ Bullman, USA

A Titan crushing a Chaos Warlord! How dare you! If you put me in charge of a Titan, I'd show you what's what I'd head straight for the Segmentum known as the 'USA' (what does 'USA' stand for anyway? Ultimately Stupid Aliens? Useless Smelly Androids? somebody tell me please) and deliver your skull to Khorne, 'Lord' Bullman. And then I'd go and sort out that cur Baneblade!

• Dear Librarians,

I am Stannach White Beard and I am the brother of the White Dwarf himself. You may not believe that, but that's beside the point. The following things I would like to see happen in Warhammer monthly are:

1) I would like to see stories of our history in the Warhammer world such as the story of when that cursed Gorfang Rotgut nailed the prince to the throne. Or any other things that are mentioned in the army books;

2) Secondly but not lastly I would like to see those two cunning jerks killed!!!!!!!! for killing my kin, a trollslayer, when he killed all the beastmen for them;

3) Thirdly and not lastly I want you to put my answer and your reply in your next Warhammer Monthly. NO MATTER HOW MUCH I OIS LIKE YOU, YOU CHAOS SCUM!!!!! YEAH, YOU KNOW WHO I'M TALKING TO, THE GUY WHO RESPONDS WITH THAT SYMBOL OF KHORNE BESIDE IT!!!!!!!!!

– Alan Montgomery, Dwarven Clansman, via email

By Khorne! Chaos scum indeed! I'm not the one who has a complex about being short though, am I? What's the matter? Upset because you're too short to get on any of the rides at the travelling fair? Always the last one picked for team sports? Don't take it out on me because your cousin is a halfling. You really do add new meaning to the phrase 'Poison Dwarf' don't you?

Scribble down the worst of your twisted Chaos rantings and send them to us – the most entertaining will receive a Dwarf Warriors box set. Send your abuse to:

Warhammer Monthly
Games Workshop Ltd
Willow Road
Lenton
Nottingham
NG7 2WS · UK

or via email to: publishing@games-workshop.co.uk

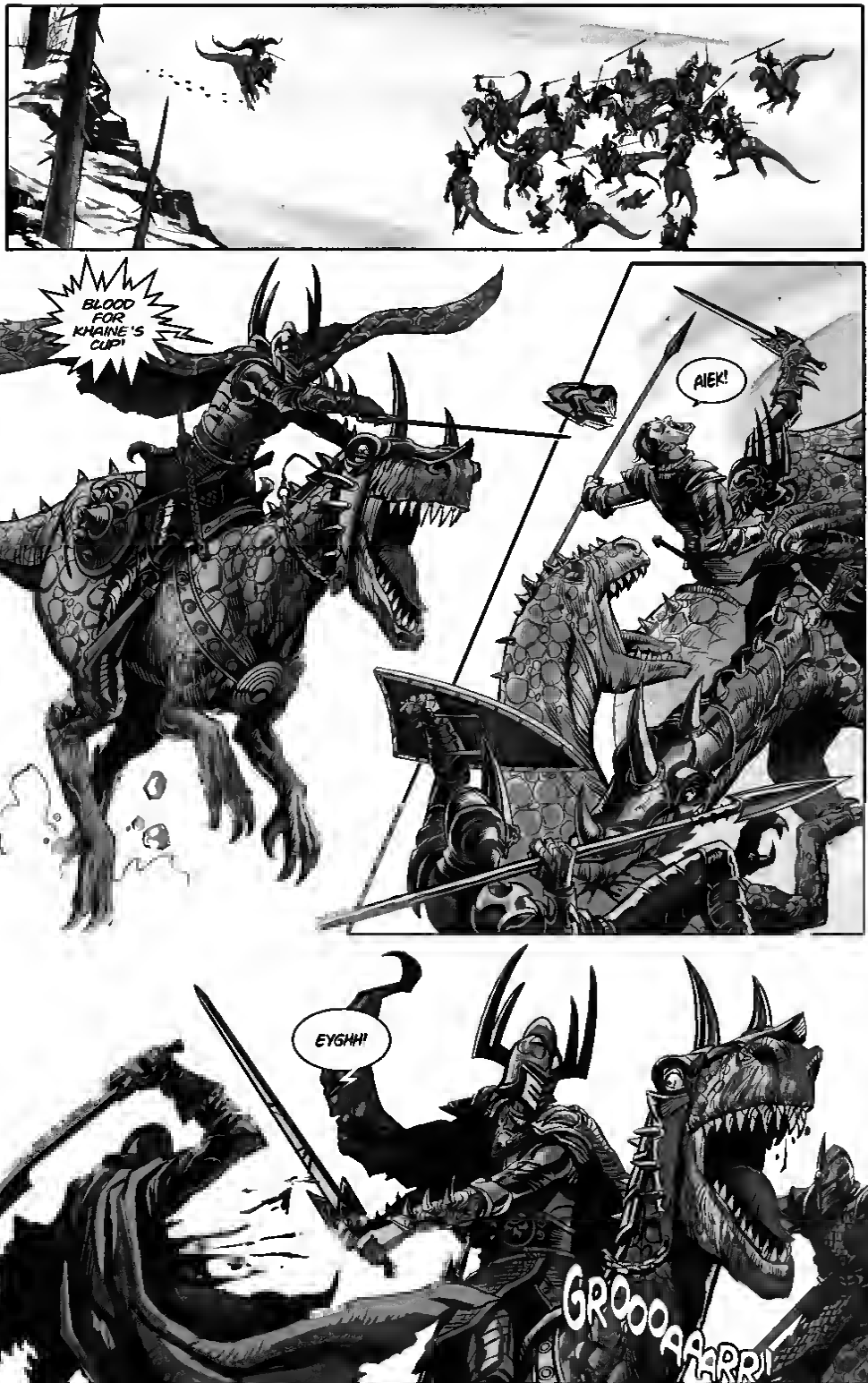
DARKBLADE
BOOK III
THRONE OF BLOOD
MURDER STALKS THE CHAOS WASTES...
FOR BITTER MONTHS, THE DRUCHII BLOOD-CLAN OF HAG GRAEF HAS BEEN BESET BY RAIDERS FROM THE BLACK ARK OF NAGGOR.
AMBUSH HAS FOLLOWED SKIRMISH HAS FOLLOWED REPRISAL RAID
WAR-BANDS PROWL THE WINTER VALLEYS SEARCHING FOR THE FOE...

Script: Dan Abnett Art: Kev Hopgood

THE DAY WANES, LORD SILAR. WE'LL GET NO SPORT TODAY.
I'M WITH YOU, KUNOR. WE'VE TARRIED OUT HERE LONG ENOUGH.
THE SCUM OF THE BLACK ARK ARE LONG RETURNED TO THEIR FIRESIDES, NO DOUBT.
RIDE, DRUCH!!! IT'S TWO HOURS TO THE HAG!
LET US-
WWW-CHKKK!
TURON!
FISTS OF KHAINE!
TO ARMS! TO ARMS! FOR HAG GRAEF!

NGH!
not now... not now...
ghhhrrkk...
SPITE? WHAT DO YOU SMELL? WHAT DO YOU HEAR?
AH YES...
...STEEL ON STEEL, THE SCENT OF PAIN, CLOSE BY...

KEEP TOGETHER! GYAAH! TAKE AS MANY WITH YOU AS YOU CAN!
THEY OVERWHELM US!


BLOOD FOR KHAINE'S CUP!
AIEK!
EYGHH!
GROOOAARR!

BY THE BLOOD GOD!
AAIIEEE!

RUN, ARK SCUM!
TELL YOUR WRETCHED KIN HOW HAG GRAEF DEALS WITH RAIDERS!
WHO ARE YOU, RIDER? WHO ARE YOU THAT COMES FROM NOWHERE AND TAKES UP THE CAUSE OF HAG GRAEF?
I TAKE UP NO CAUSE. IT HAS BEEN MINE ALL ALONG.
YOU SPEAK IN RIDDLES!
ARE YOU SOME DAEMON OF THE WASTES?
CAREFUL WHO YOU CALL DAEMON, SILAR THORNBLOOD, MY OLD FRIEND.
YOU KNOW ME WELL ENOUGH...
GODS BLIND ME!
MALUS DARKBLADE?
NEXT: The Prodigal Returns.

THE CITY OF THE DAMNED, WHERE A POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS CONFRONTATION WITH A WARBAND OF MIDDENHEIM MERCENARIES TURNS INTO AN UNEXPECTED REUNION FOR ONE HALF OF THE WYRDSTONE-HUNTING PARTNERSHIP OF ULLI & MARQUAND..
ULRIC'S BRISTLES! ULLI VOLKER! I THOUGHT YOU DIED YEARS AGO AT THE THIRD SIEGE OF NULN!
Mordheim – City of the Damned
8: Comrades in Arms
Script – Gordon Rennie
Art – Paul Jeacock
Letters – Fiona Stephenson
THE TWO WARRIORS GREET EACH OTHER IN THE TRADITIONAL MIDDENHEIM MANNER
KLANG!
GOTTHARD KETTLER, YOU FOX-RIDDEN MOTHER-KILLER!
VOLKER, YOU SOFT REIKLAND SHEEP LOVER!
IT'S A MIDDENHEIM THING, YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND

THE REUNION CELEBRATIONS CONTINUE LONG INTO THE NIGHT BACK AT THE MIDDENHEIMERS' CAMP...
AND SO THE NEXT MORNING...
WAKE UP, ULLI!
MARQUAND! WHAT HAPPENED...? DID YOU--
EVERY ONE OF THEM LUCKY FOR YOU THAT YOU REMEMBERED MY WARNING ABOUT STICKING TO THE BEER AND STAYING OFF THE MEAD

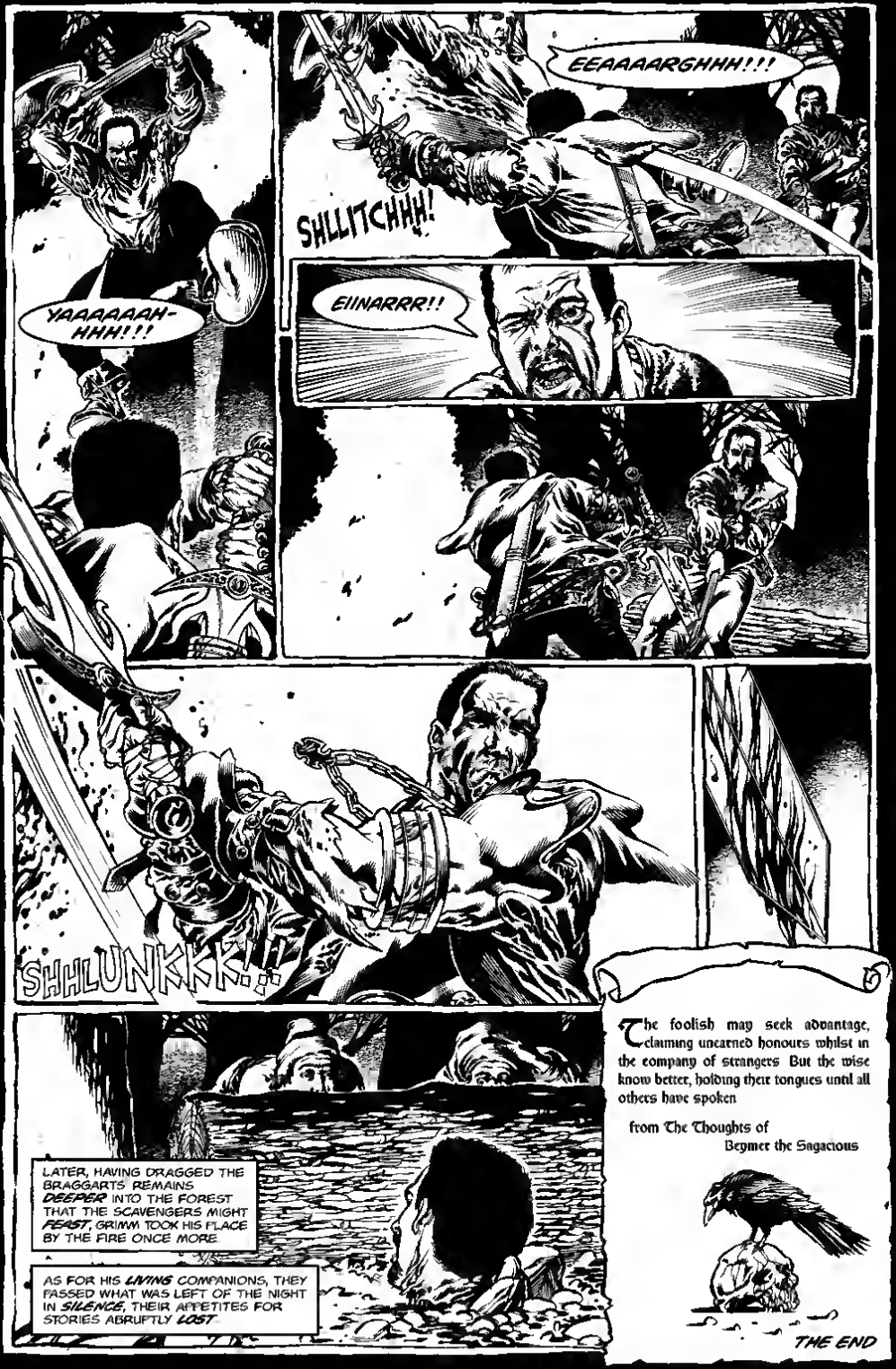
YOU GET THEIR WYRDSTONE STASH?
AND A LOT MORE BESIDES.
SO WHAT YOU WANT TO DO WITH THE BODIES? BURY THEM?
WHY BOTHER? I NEVER DID LIKE THEM MUCH ANYWAY
THE END

FIRST THERE WAS BUT ONE, A SOLITARY TRAVELLER OUT IN THE WILDERNESS, MAKING LONELY CAMP WHERE THE LANDS OF THE EMPIRE AND THE BORDER PRINCES MEET.
THEN, AS THE FIRE CRACKED AND SPAT, OTHERS CAME SEEKING SHELTER
FOR THE MOST PART THEY WERE STRANGERS
BUT THE FOREST WAS DARK AND THE AIR CHILL, SO EACH PUT HIS LIFE IN THE HANDS OF FATE.
...TRUSTING THAT WHATEVER LURKED IN THE HEARTS OF THEIR FELLOW MAN COULD BE NO WORSE THAN THE HORRORS ABROAD IN THE NIGHT.
SOON THEY BEGAN TO TELL THEIR TALES, OF THAT WHICH THEY KNEW, OR HAD BEEN TOLD, OR BELIEVED, AND ERELONG, THE NAME OF HELLBRANDT GRIMM WAS HEARD
I TELL YOU I HAVE SEEN HIM.
ON HIS LEFT CHEEK THERE IS A MARK...
...AS THOUGH BURNT THERE BY SOME THREE FINGERED DAEMON.
Tales of
Hellbrandt Grimm
SCRIPT MITCHEL SCANLON
ART MIKE PERKINS
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON

HE IS A TALL MAN A GRIM-FACED, COLD EYED KILLER FOR WHOM OTHERS' DEATHS ARE JUST SO MUCH SPORT
I SAW HIM KILL FOUR MEN IN A MARKET TOWN TO THE NORTH.
AS TO WHY THEY FOUGHT I COULD NOT SAY, BUT HE SLEW THEM WITH NO MORE THOUGHT THAN YOU OR I MIGHT CRUSH A FLY
THOUGH THEY HAD THE ADVANTAGE OF NUMBERS, AND USED IT WITH CUNNING...
...STILL THEY WERE DOOMED THE MOMENT THEY DREW THEIR SWORDS AGAINST HIM
I TELL YOU ! SAW IT ALL PLAINLY...
...FOR I STOOD NO FURTHER FROM HIM THAN I SIT FROM YOU
WELL I, FOR ONE, BELIEVE YOU, MY FRIEND. IT IS WIDELY AGREED THAT GRIMM IS AMONGST THE MOST FEARED OF ALL THE MERCENARIES TO HAVE SERVED THE BORDER PRINCES.

WHAT IS PERHAPS LESS WELL KNOWN ARE THE FACTS OF THE MAN'S HISTORY...
...THEY SAY HE WAS TAKEN AS A SLAVE BY ORCS WHEN HE WAS NO MORE THAN A CHILD.
MOST WOULD HAVE BEEN HARD PRESSED TO LAST A WEEK. BUT SOMETHING DARK AND FIERCE BURNT WITHIN HIM EVEN THEN AND HE THRIVED.
HE CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF THE LOCAL WARBOSS WHO, RECOGNIZING THE BOY'S POTENTIAL, HAD HIM BRANDED WITH A MARK OF OWNERSHIP.
THIS WARBOSS TREATED HIM LIKE A FAVOURED PET. AND HAD HIM FIGHT OTHER CAPTIVES FOR THE ORCS' AMUSEMENT.
THEY SAY GRIMM SLEW DOZENS OF HIS OWN KIND, BEFORE FINALLY ESCAPING,
LEAVING A DAGGER IN HIS MASTER'S HEART AS A FARE-THEE-WELL.
PAH! IF YOU BLEW ANY MORE HOT AIR WE'D HAVE NO NEED OF THIS FIRE...
ONLY USE ORCS HAVE FOR A BOY IS AS DINNER. GRIMM WAS NO MORE RAISED BY GREENSKINS THAN ME AND EINAR HERE. AIN'T THAT SO, EINAR?
THAT'S SO, ROLF.
I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY FRIEND, I MEANT NO OFFENCE. I WAS SIMPLY RELATING THE TALE AS TOLD...
WELL YOU TOLD IT WRONG, WINDBAG.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY FRIEND.

I SAY, AND I KNOW IT FOR A FACT, GRIMM HISSELF CONFESSED IT BEFORE I CUT HIS THROAT. RIGHT, EINAR?
RIGHT, ROLF.
YOU... KILLED HELLBRANDT GRIMM?
YUH. COURSE HE WAS AS GOOD AS THEY SAY, BUT IM THE BETTER MAN.
PLEASE... DON'T...
HE TRIED ALL HIS TRICKS, BUT ENDED UP ON HIS KNEES BEGGING LIKE A WOMAN FOR HIS LIFE AIN'T THAT SO, EINAR?
HE SQUEALED LIKE A LITTLE GIRLY, ROLF.
PLEASE...
RIGHT THEN ! TOOK HIS HEAD FROM HIS SHOULDERS. WOULDA KEPT IT AS A TROPHY TOO, BUT THE DAMN THING WENT MAGGOTY ON ME.
THEM SQUIRMIES ATE THE MEAT RIGHT OFF OF IT.
PERHAPS IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER FOR YOU IF THEY'D EATEN YOUR IDIOT TONGUES.
WATCH YOURSELF, STRANGER. WHO ARE YOU TO SPEAK TO ME AND MINE LIKE THAT?
THEY CALL ME HELLBRANDT GRIMM AND I THINK YOUR APOLOGY IS LONG OVERDUE
CALM YOURSELF, FRIEND. WE MEANT NO HARM. JUST STORIES TO KEEP THE NIGHT AT BAY...
TAKE HIM, EINAR.


EEAAAARGHHH!!!
SHLLITCHHH!
EIINARRR!!
YAAAAAAH-HHH!!!
SHHLUNKKK!!
LATER, HAVING DRAGGED THE BRAGGARTS' REMAINS DEEPER INTO THE FOREST THAT THE SCAVENGERS MIGHT FEAST, GRIMM TOOK HIS PLACE BY THE FIRE ONCE MORE.
AS FOR HIS LIVING COMPANIONS, THEY PASSED WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE NIGHT IN SILENCE, THEIR APPETITES FOR STORIES ABRUPTLY LOST.
The foolish may seek advantage, claiming unearned honours whilst in the company of strangers. But the wise know better, holding their tongues until all others have spoken
from The Thoughts of
Beymer the Sagacious
THE END

THE CHOSEN ONE
SCRIPT JIM ALEXANDER • ART JIM BRADY
LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON
THE PLANET OF PRAKARTA.
DAWN BREAKS OVER THE THREE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE AMALAT ARCHIPELAGO.
HERE THE PEOPLE WANT FOR NOTHING.
THESE ARE SIMPLE VILLAGERS WITH LITTLE RELIANCE ON TECHNOLOGY INSTEAD, THEIR PROSPERITY OWES MUCH TO THE CHOSEN ONE THE ONE CALLED ELIN.
FOR ELIN HAS BEEN TOUCHED BY THE GODS HE HAS THE POWER TO DISPEL BAD WEATHER SO ENSURING LUSH AND PLENTIFUL HARVESTS.
HE HEALS THE SICK.
CARIONA, IS IT? I CAN SEE THE FEVER IS UPON YOU.
BUT NO LONGER
THE GODS HAVE BLESSED YOU NOW YOU WILL LIVE A LONG LIFE.
BLESS YOU, ELIN. BLESS YOU.
ELIN'S GIFT IS UNIQUE THROUGHOUT THE ISLANDS, AND WORD OF HIM HAS STRETCHED FAR.
VERY FAR.

I NEED NOT REMIND YOU LAD, WHEN THE EMPEROR CALLS ON YOU, THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE ANSWER.
I GO GLADLY, INQUISITOR.
WITHOUT HIM, IT IS A HARD WINTER AHEAD, AND MANY VILLAGERS WILL NOT SURVIVE IT.
EVEN SO, IN ANSWERING THE CALL OF THE GODS, ELIN HAS BESTOWED GREAT HONOUR UPON HIS PEOPLE. THEIR CELEBRATIONS WILL CONTINUE FOR MANY DAYS TO COME.
HE IS TAKEN TO KOLKA, A PLANET OF THE INQUISITION AND OF THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS.
FORGET YOUR FAMILY, ELIN. FORGET YOUR HOMEWORLD.
YOUR ABILITIES ARE SUCH, YOU ARE TO BE AN ASTROPATH.
IN DEFENCE OF THE IMPERIUM, TO GUARD AGAINST CHAOS, TO CARRY THE BLESSED WORD OF THE GOLDEN THRONE TO ALL HIS PEOPLES..
THE LIFE YOU HAD BEFORE NO LONGER HAS MEANING. THIS POINT ONWARDS, YOU ARE THE CHOSEN -- TO FOLLOW ONE PURPOSE... ONE MIND..
TO SERVE THE WILL OF THE EMPEROR!
THE END...!

KAL JERICO
"THE NEMO AGENDA"
THE ANCIENT UNDERHIVE TUNNEL NETWORK, HUNDREDS OF MILES OF THEM, CONNECTING TO POINTS ALL THROUGH THE HIVE!
DECAYED AND ABANDONED FORGOTTEN AND DISUSED
WELL, ALMOST
• EPISODE FOUR •
A DANGEROUS PLACE, THE UNDERHIVE TUNNELS
LOTS OF TRAPS AND SNARES WAITING FOR THE FOOLISH AND UNWARY...
Script GORDON RENNIE • Art WAYNE REYNOLDS • Letters FIONA STEPHENSON

VENTILATOR SHAFTS.
KUNCH!
POWER CONDUITS.
ZZ-ZZZAK!
HIDDEN CHEM-PITS.
AAAAAAAGH!
TOXIC OVERSPILL FROM THE FACTORIES IN THE HIVE CITY HIGH ABOVE.

LOCAL WILDLIFE...
NIVEQUAKE TREMORS...
NOT TO MENTION THE ODD UNEXPECTED SURPRISE...

...AND IF HE SURVIVES ALL THAT, KAL'S STILL GOT YOLANDA CATALLUS TO DEAL WITH!
BUT KAL AND YOLANDA AREN'T THE ONLY ONES TO HAVE SURVIVED THIS FAR...
EMPEROR CURSE THIS DAMNABLE MACHINE GOD CONTRAPTION!
WE'RE CARRYING TOO MUCH WEIGHT, YOUR EMINENCE!
WISE BROTHER BELTANE, MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY..!
SSHHKKKKSSS
Y-YOUR EMINENCE..?
KOOOM!
BLESS YOU, BROTHER. YOUR SACRIFICE WILL NOT BE FORGOTTEN.
HERETIC FILTH, PREPARE TO ANSWER FOR THE DEATH OF BROTHER BELTANE! PREPARE TO -
EH...?

VVVVVRRRRMMM!
HOLY OCCUPANT OF THE GOLDEN THRONE, BLESS AND PROTECT YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT!
THREE BIKES THREE RIDERS
BUT ONLY ONE CHANCE BETWEEN THEM
WHOKK
STAPP
THE RULES OF THIS RACE: STRICTLY WINNER TAKES ALL!
WHUUUMP!

JUST AHEAD OF KAL, THE FINISHING LINE THE DELIVERY POINT FOR THE HAND-OVER OF NEMO'S MERCHANDISE
AND WAITING THERE, NEMO'S CHIEF HENCHMAN CHEKA, EAGER TO CLOSE HIS MASTER'S ACCOUNT WITH KAL JERICO!
CHEKA HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT FOR A LONG TIME. HE'S REHEARSED IT A THOUSAND TIMES IN HIS MIND-
LOCK
SIGHT AND TRACK THE TARGET
TAKE AIM-
FIRE-!
SPATCH!
I SEE YOU GOT MY MESSAGE. I WASN'T SURE YOU'D BE HERE.
WHAT? AND MISS OUT ON A CHANCE TO MAKE AN ENEMY OF ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MEN IN THE WHOLE HIVE?

TWO BOXES, JERICO?
ONE OF THEM IS YOUR MERCHANDISE, SAFELY RETURNED, AS REQUESTED
VERY GOOD. AND THE SECOND ONE?
MY FEE I OWED YOU A FAVOUR, YOU CALLED IT IN. THEN YOU TRIED TO DOUBLE-CROSS ME. BUT WE'RE EVEN NOW
PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU, NEMO. GIVE MY REGARDS TO CAMEKA NEXT TIME YOU SEE HIM.
POSTSCRIPT I
GGG GGHHGG... GONNA GET YOU, JERICO, GONNA FIND YOU AND... kuuuughhhh...GET EVEN ! -kkggh- SWEAR IT-
POSTSCRIPT II
SPIRITUS IMPERATOR, I STILL LIVE ! THE EMPEROR HIMSELF HAS SAVED ME FROM THE ABYSS ! HE-
AAAA